THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XVII.

THE ensuing letter was some time since received from an indignant fair one, who, by many a sly allusion to the prospectus of the Port Folio, and by many a sharp sarcasm upon the woman hater, appears to be of opinion, that the good-humoured Samuel Saunter is an enemy in disguise. Although I am reflected on with much asperity, yet, as my petticoated punisher evidently inflicts her chastisement like an upright British judge, not in malignity, but in mercy to the criminal, I have resolved, with that frank facility, which is a part of my character, to publish her ironical epistle; and, this week, suffer my numerous adversaries to partake in a general laugh, at the expense of their humble servant. At the execution of the earl of Ferrers, the London populace were of opinion, that, in the mind of the noble sufferer, the bitterness of death would be assuaged, should he be strangled with a *silken* cord. In like manner, if I *must* be a public spectacle of poetical justice, let "Constantia" be the sheriff's officer to lead me forth, and I shall fancy that her thong is of silk, and each blow as soft as her own bosom.

MR. SAUNTER,

YOUR very useful predecessors, the writers of periodical papers, have, at all times, devoted much of their talents to the reformation of women. Volumes upon volumes have been written, exclusively for our edification; essays upon essays have satirized our follies, and still we are no better than we were a thousand years ago: remonstrance and intreaty have been in vain, and even "the world's dread laugh" has been lost upon us; for we are yet in the practice of the most abominable vices, and incorrigible beings that we are! we still require "the chastisement" of your "gentle" pen. Some wholsome advice we have long expected from you, who would not depart from the good old track of your ancestors, and, in "a paper devoted principally to moral instruction," we were conscious we were entitled to very liberal notice; for, as "the influence of female principles on the character of men" is acknowledged to be "wide and powerful," it becomes the *duty* of every man, who can write at all, to incite us to virtue, by representing the frailties (or, if they please, the vices too) of *human nature*, in *female* forms, that we may be disgusted by their deformity.

Nor have we any right to require of superior man an example of the virtue to which he would train us; our state in society is a dependent one, and it is ours to be good and amiable, whatever may be the conduct of the men, to whom we are subjected. No doubt these scandal-loving ladies, of whom your suffering correspondents so piteously complain, have taken it into their wise heads to imagine that it might be incumbent on the dignity of that virtue, to the practice of which they have been so loudly exhorted, to condemn, perhaps in terms a little harsh, the vices of those injured gentlemen; but let them know, sir, how much they are deceived. Their presumption is a departure from that modest *silence*, so grateful in a woman, so enchanting to man! Hopeless, however, I fear, will be the task to persuade women, that *silence* is becoming; for so dearly do they love to be heard, that they would much rather talk nonsense, than not talk at all. Our curiosity too, which you have so delicately touched upon, I think you will find it difficult to suppress. Indeed, Mr. Saunter, we have heard so much, and so often, of our grandmother Eve, that I verily believe many women are become tenacious of this enormity, as their birth-right, and practice it as a filial compliment to her memory. They seem too to have picked up a foolish notion, that vice is vice, whether it wears petticoats or pantaloons: but here again how sadly are their limited understandings imposed on. Simple ones! will ye never learn to discriminate? Will you never know, that to ask questions, and to betray an anxious desire to learn the circumstances of any event, is, in *man*, a commendable endeavour to acquire knowledge, but, in *woman*, it is a mischievous and impertinent curiosity, for which they are justly reproached by the moralist, and deserve the "pointed finger of scorn?"

For these and all other faults, to which we are, as *women*, liable, it is very kind in you to add your mite of "gentle chastisement." Nor will you find it very laborious, if you should promise us a column or two every week for this benevolent purpose. You will receive very liberal assistance (as your correspondents seem to testify); because it is by no means necessary that your satires should be appropriate to this country; a fragment picked up by a friend in the streets of London, or even of Constantinople, would do just as well for a libel on the *American* women, as if it had been fabricated in the metropolis of our own follies. Our moralists, I observe, are never very nice in this particular: they think, I suppose, if the remarks, which they have culled from European writers, on the wickedness or the folly of their females, are not applicable to us now, why, they will be, an hundred years hence, when overgrown wealth and luxury shall as naturally have produced them here, as they have arisen in those countries, where these evils have abounded; therefore, in the hope of longevity to their labours, they trust they shall do good in their day, when it comes.

Go on then, sir, in your very acceptable undertaking; be not dismayed by the angry frowns of ladies, who may "smart with their wounds;" it is easy to compromise with them, by a little seasonable flattery and coaxing about their charms, and their merits, and their "influence on the characters of men." Tell them, that you do not mean to "calumniate the female character," but that it is your "duty to scourge impostors;" to make them what Nature intended they should be, all very good; and when you can persuade them to believe you, be assured they will be satisfied.

CONSTANTIA.

INTERESTING TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

.....Non *de villis domibusve alienis*
.....Sed quod MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, et *nescire malum* est, agitamus.
HORACE.

IT may be remembered, that, in some late numbers of this paper, a friend and classical correspondent of the Editor communicated a review of a series of letters, relative to the United States, originally written in German, by Mr. Bülow, a disbanded Prussian officer. This "Review" first appeared in the *Spectator of the North*, a literary journal, published at Hamburgh. The American translator of this article very justly remarks, that, as a *literary* article, connected with the history and character of the United States, it is peculiarly entitled to notice. The picture, which this Prussian delineator, or dauber, has drawn, is, in many respects, a frightful caricature; but, as it is often eminently useful to hear distinctly the reproaches of our enemies, the Editor of the Port Folio was of opinion, that to know even the unfavourable sentiments, which a foreigner entertained of America, might interest some, and instruct others. The article, amounting nearly to a libel upon the country, was accordingly published. Meanwhile, a translation of the entire work has been faithfully made, and kindly sent to the Editor, by a man of letters, whom Learning vindicates, as a favourite, and whom the Editor is proud to call his friend. It is proposed to publish a portion, and perhaps the whole of the journal of our Prussian traveller. Amid much partiality, malignity, and misrepresentation, it contains some wholesome, though perhaps unpalatable truth, and much interesting description, conveyed in a style, far from phlegmatic. Of the translation, it only remains for the Editor to add, that, being close and literal, something of the German idiom will strike the eye, and, occasionally something of harshness in construction and sound may offend the ear. Of the opinions of this prejudiced Prussian, it is unnecessary for the Editor to express his frequent disapprobation. By publishing them in his journal, he invites the public attention, in the sure and lively hope, that many a scrutinizing eye will detect, and many an ingenious hand describe, the fallacies of an insolent and presumptuous writer. It cannot be presumed, that a mere soldier, subordinate to the

severity of Prussian discipline, could correctly appreciate the blessings of republican freedom.

PREFACE.

I NOW deliver to the public the result of my observations, concerning America. I was twice there: from September, 1791, to the 23d July, 1792; and from 30th September, 1795, to 7th October, 1796.

When I returned to Europe the first time, I brought away not unfavourable ideas of America. A moral atmosphere, little agitated by the wind of passions, left me the impression of more good-nature, and more innocent manners, than we remark in the corruption of Europe. I did not consider the Americans, to be sure, as heroic republicans, but they appeared to me less selfish and malignant than the Europeans. All this was illusion, occasioned by that apparent calm in the passions. For, immediately upon my second arrival there, I found every thing altogether changed. Circumstances had brought into action that moral depravity, which existed before, without being put nto motion.

Still, however, I defended, for some time, the virtue of the Americans, against the *unanimous* testimony of all foreigners; but at length, I too yielded to the force of evidence, and the official letters of General Washington gave me a full and clear insight into the national character of the people.

These gradations of opinion will be very easily remarked in my letters from America, which were published in the Minerva of Archenholz. The tenor of the first is far more advantageous to the Americans, than that of the following ones; and the last are by far the most to their disadvantage. However trifling, in other respects, the merit of these letters may be, it will be easy to recognize in them a sincere love of truth, which discards all other considerations, and whose only object is the information of the German public, concerning a subject, which interested or prejudiced writers have attempted to represent in so false a light.

Perhaps, however, the impression of present immorality was too lively to be described with cold impartiality; perhaps, after things have been seen close at hand, they should be considered likewise at a certain distance; and, therefore, the first months after my return to Europe, when the impressions received in America were yet fresh in my mind, were the fittest time to paint the Americans, such as, in my opinion, they are. In this work is, therefore, contained all that I can say to their advantage. That my judgments were not dictated by offended egotism; that I have never been personally deceived, or otherwise injured, by any American, is what will, perhaps, be questioned; for, at this day, no man is credited for a pure, disinterested love of truth. It will be likewise scarcely believed, that I write exempt from hatred; for truth has often the appearance of satire. I am indeed animated with hatred; but it is hatred against vice, not against individuals, only inasmuch as they are vicious.

March 27, 1797.

THE REPUBLIC OF NORTH-AMERICA,

IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

VOL. I....PART I.

THE PEOPLE....CHAP. I.

Insufficiency of published travels, *with respect to the knowledge of national character....Doctor* Schöpf ....Brissot.....Chatellux.....Wangenheim.....Bartram, *&c.....History the principal test of character ....Origin.*

IN order to form a correct judgment concerning a people, the impartial observer allows no great weight to the private accounts of travellers. For, when we consider the influence which egotism generally has upon their opinions, we must acknowledge, that we are not authorized to adopt them for oracles. The circle of observation of one or a few travellers is, besides, so limited, that they cannot properly draw from it any *general* conclusions. And finally, how many travellers are there, guided by an accurate spirit of observation, and thereby capable of abstracting general truths? How many, impelled by a criminal self-interest, spread abroad relations wilfully false?....A concurrence of many travellers would indeed bring us near the truth; but as they so often contradict each other, there is little to be learnt from their journals.

There have indeed certainly been some travellers, gifted with genius and a spirit of observation, who have published faithful pictures of the nations which they visited. But, as even so many admirable faculties of the mind were not sufficient to procure for us true characterizing travels, unless when conducted by a rigorous love of truth, and a contempt of all personal considerations, I think I may, without offence, maintain, that they are rare phenomena, and that far the greater number must be reckoned among the class, which I have just mentioned.

Among the travellers, who have gone through the United States, and have published their remarks, Doctor Schöpf deserves to be mentioned as the man, who has painted things with the greatest likeness to the truth; and thus, in this instance too, the German nation has the merit of having done the most. *Brissot*, in his rapid journey through the country, either judged the people inaccurately, or purposely imputed to them other properties than those which he remarked. For one of his friends in America assured me, that, according to his own expression, he described the quakers as a model of virtue, in order to hold up to the French, at the beginning of their revolution, the image of a perfect republican for imitation. It was, forsooth, a singular idea, to consider the *Pennsylvanian* quakers as models for a lively and warlike nation like the French. *Chatellux*, who marched with the French army through part of the country, was not in a situation to make himself sufficiently acquainted with the character of the people. The remarks of a certain Italian count, and of Wangenheim, relate chiefly to inanimate nature; and those of an English officer, who settles, for instance, in the country town of Lancaster, ten thousand inhabitants, whereas it contains, even at this day, only three thousand five hundred, are equally trivial and inaccurate. The letters of an American farmer paint, with a *naiveté*, which forms the intermediate point between rusticity and civilization, the happy rural condition of a period, which ceased with the revolution. Finally, the writings of Americans themselves, such as *Imlay* and *Bartram*, are partially in favour of their country, at once heavy, declamatory, and ambitious to display unseasonable flowers of style. There is reason, therefore, to maintain, that what has hitherto been written of America, with respect to the character of the people, is insufficient.

We must, therefore, turn towards other sources than printed travels, for instructive information concerning the national character, and the principal of these sources can be no other than history. For as the assemblage of actions, or the life of an individual unfolds his character, so the actions of a people, which its history relates, are the best and most explicit commentary upon the national character. Are we not, for instance, sufficiently acquainted with the national character of the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, by means of the history of these renowned ancient nations?

The political constitution of a people is another criterion of character, which is, however, comprized in their history. The laws, or civil constitution, come next under consideration. These, however, for the most part, pourtray the government more than the people, because, by the political institutions of most nations, their governments possess the power of legislation, and, of course, laws can characterize the people, as expressions of the general will, only where the people themselves possess the rights of sovereignty, or the legislative power. In representative constitutions, this will be, to a certain degree, the case. General usages and manners, opinions and sentiments, the modes of social intercourse, the general taste and public amusements, the judicial proceedings and characteristic anecdotes, are lastly the features, which strongly distinguish the peculiarities of national individuality.

The climate, the organization of the country, in a word, its natural constitution, are also things which are generally allowed to have a very considerable influence upon the national character. When, therefore, it can be proved, by conclusions drawn from these circumstances, that a people must have such and such properties, unless other weighty causes should counteract them, and when history supplies a confirmation *à priori* of this reasoning, so that the nature of the country appears in preconcerted harmony with the people dwelling in it, every one will, as I believe, readily acknowledge, that a strong presumption arises, that the conclusions could not be far remote from the truth. The origin of a people, I mean the character of their ancestors, must, for reasons which I shall set forth, be taken largely into consideration, in inquries concerning the national character; and I shall endeavour hereafter to show why, contrary to the general opinion at this day, I venture to ascribe likewise a great influence to religion.

These are, therefore, as I believe, the data, by collecting and comparing which, a pretty accurate judgment concerning a nation may be extracted from them. These are generally the facts, upon which I shall ground my inquiries concerning the people of the United States of America. I shall begin with some general considerations; and, in order to ascend to the first sources, pay my first attentions to the forefathers of the present Americans.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS,

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I DO not always, especially in my vacant hours, neglect a novel, merely because I am told by a dull searcher for matters of fact, that it is not *legitimate* history. Of the ordinary trash of a circulating library my friends will easily acquit me of the suspicion of being studious. But I have read, even for the tenth time, the pages of Fielding, the Quixote of Cervantes, and the Crippled Devil of Le Sage, as well as the record of a Mary's sufferings, and an Elizabeth's glory, by Robertson and Hume. I have seen real life, and found pregnant instruction in the Roderick Random of Smollet, the Cecilia of miss Burney, and the "Tale of the Times," by Mrs. West. If I pick up a volume, elegantly written, sparkling with wit, true to nature, and a copy from life, what does it import me whether it was composed from monkish annals, preserved in the library of the "Faculty of Advocates," or from the hints in an Addison's pocket-book. A good story is the same, let it issue either from "*knightly castles, or from ladies' bowers.*"

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The latest Gentleman's Magazine, which my eager curiosity has obtained from London, con-

tains the following admirable parody of the soliloquy in HAMLET. He, who remembers the lively ode of BURNS, or who adverts to the torment of a throbbing tooth, will smile at the poetical doubts suggested below.

To have it out or not? that is the question;
Whether 'tis easier for a man to suffer
The throbs and shootings of a raging tooth,
Or take up courage to sit down at once,
And by extraction end them;....a touch, no more,
And with a single shock to feel we end
The tedious aches and head-distracting pangs
That we are subject to: 'tis a relief
Most wisely to be used; perchance wrench out
A sound deep-rooted fang: aye, there's the risque;
For, from a bungler's hands what mischief follows,
When once the horrid instrument is fix'd,
Allows no pause; there's the respect
That makes our patience of so long endurance:
For who would ever be applying tinctures,
Specific opiates, poppy, mandragora,
Magnets, metallic tractors, anodynes,
The pois'nous drugs of mountebanks, or charms,
That fond credulity of old women takes;
When he himself might his quietus get
For a bare two-pence in a barber's shop?
Who'd sweat and groan whole sleepless nights in pain,
But that the thought of torture worse than all,
A broken jaw! (which any mortal suffering
Would straight fall frantic) harrows up the soul,
And makes us rather bear our present torments,
Than fly to others, that we never felt:
Irresolution thus doth make men cowards;
And heroes, of great enterprize and valour,
Turn pale and sickly at bare sight of physic,
Whilst women, weak and delicate of frame,
Shrink not at operations slow and dreadful.
Nor fear the keenest knife.

HAMLET, III. 1.

As the writer of this article has frequent occasion in the way of business to drudge through the heaviness of the modern pastoral, to laugh at elegies upon *faded beauty*, and to sneer at your Philanders and your Corydons, nothing can more pleasantly describe this woeful style of poetry, than the following passage from one of the gayest of the British writers.

"There are several ways of being poetically sorrowful on such occasions. The bard is now some pensive youth of science, who sits deploring among the tombs. Again, he is Thyrsis, complaining in a circle of harmless sheep. Now, Britannia sits upon her own shore, and gives loose to maternal tenderness; at another time, Parnassus, even the mountain Parnassus gives way to sorrow.

"But the most useful manner is this: Damon meets Menalcas, who has a most gloomy countenance. The shepherd asks his friend, whence that look of distress? to which the other replies that Pollio is no more. If that be the case, then, Damon, let us retire to yonder bower, at some distance off, where the cypress and the jessamine add fragrance to the breeze; and let us weep alternately for Pollio, the friend of shepherds, and the patron of every muse. Ah, returns his fellow-shepherd, what think you rather of that grotto by the fountain side; the murmuring stream will help to assist our complaints, and a nightingale on a neighbouring tree will join her voice to the concert. When the place is thus settled, they begin. The brook stands still to hear their lamentation, the cows forget to graze, and the very tigers start from the forest with sympathetic concern....By the tombs of our ancestors, my dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this distress; the whole is liquid laudanum to my spirits; and a tyger of common sensibility has twenty times more tenderness than I.

The Sonnets of Charlotte Smith are too monotonously mournful. They are like the ill-boding croak of the sinister raven, or like the sullen ding dong of funeral bells. I dislike this pungent style of grief, which, like an acid onion, compels the irritated eye to weep. In America, the sources of Chagrin are sufficiently multiplied, without the fictitious sorrows of the muse. One need not be "alone and pensive" by the light of the moon to see much political and moral evil. Our "*pestilence*" does not content itself with "*walking in darkness*," but "*rageth at noon day.*"

A discontented Englishman, migrating to America, and journalizing his voyage, thus introduces, after the manner of Brissot, Godwin, and the rest of that herd, the following commendation of a *negro:*

"The *best seaman* we had on board was a *black*, who discovered, in *no respect*, any mark of inferiority to men of a lighter complexion. His grandfather was kidnapped, when a child, upon the coast of Africa, but his father is become an *independent man*, and is the cultivator of thirty acres of his own property upon Long-Island, in the state of New-York, &c."

We are astonished that this writer, who is one Mr. *Toulmin*, a fugitive from the episcopal church, did not declare, that this sable worthy, now "an *independent man*," was not fully competent to any service in our church, or any office in our state. As "we are all federalists, all republicans;" as we are all negroes, all white men, this African, the favourite of Mr. Toulmin, and the new philosophy, is certainly eligible to the first stations in a commonwealth. The usual course of Nature, and a uniform train of facts are, however, militant both with the theory and the wishes of Mr. Joshua Toulmin. He may violently push up a weak man into the seat of judgment, or, with his ordaining hands, make a negro independent, but he cannot *keep* him so. In the turbid agitation of factious times, base and ignorant men, like the scum of the reeking cauldron, are frequently *uppermost*. But the laws of nature, though they may be disturbed, are never abrogated. In the hocus pocus tricks of a revolution, the merry-andrews of the show may, by their dim light, cause Plausibility to appear like right Reason, and degraded Genius and Virtue to seem "*shorn of their beams.*" But the season of deception is short, and the phantoms of imposition flee away. Briefly to show the *grossness* of this *Toulmin* theory, we will only require this reverend friend to the rights of negroes to examine into the *present* history of his *eleve*. Mr. Toulmin describes this sooty *independent* as cultivating thirty acres of *his own property*, &c. I think the date of this possession was 1797, or 1798. I will hazard a conjecture that the negro may now be surnamed *Lackland*, and that, if he has not already grown weary of his *galling* freedom, he will, *in no long time*, seek the protection of a *master*. If this be not actually the case, it forms the first exception, of which the writer of this article has ever heard. After the character of an Ethiopian is once deteriorated by his being stolen by a Guinea captain from the shade of the palm-tree, and broiled in a rice plantation, by that *worshipper of liberty*, a Virginia slave holder, it is not all the Condorcets, the Brissots, the Joshua Toulmins, or the abolition societies that ever were deluded by the glare of false philosophy, who can make him free and equal like those, who have immemorially lived under another condition of society. A sober man, who remembers history and consults Experience, whose sentiments are old-fashioned, and who respects most those forms of government, which are strong and durable, cannot but deride the monstrous theories, so much in vogue, which, in the chace of visionary perfection, have wholly lost sight of truth and utility. "You think," said EDMUND BURKE* to the mountebanks of the French national assembly, "you think you are combating *prejudice*, while you are actually AT WAR WITH NATURE."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[The life of CHATTERTON, one of the most brilliant and unfortunate of mankind, will attract the attention of all, who have a heart to be touched by human miseries, or imaginations to be captivated by what is most exquisite in poetry. To the fame of this hapless youth, a crowd of judges have borne the amplest testimony. For a wonderful prematurity of talents; for an invincible industry, and a boundless invention, he has been justly considered as a dazzling miracle in the history of literature. He was a magician; and the potency of his poetical spells has confounded the reasonings, even of veteran incredulity. With the "wild wit" of SHAKSPEARE, with the sublime conceptions of MILTON, and the "long resounding march" of DRYDEN, this boy bard rushed *naked into the amphitheatre of life*, and sustained a brilliant part, though his spectators were contemptuous and cold. His misfortunes and his errors were manifold. Let the first be deeply deplored, and the last charitably forgiven. In the splendour of his endowments, men have nearly lost sight of all but his last indiscretion. Even the austerer moralist has wept over the early grave of ill-starred genius. Like a plausive critic, Dr. KNOX has recounted his talents, and has lamented his eccentricities, like a candid friend. Dr. GREGORY has almost become his apologist; and Dr. JOHNSON, who visited Bristol to investigate his history, declared, that he was "the most extraordinary young man he had ever encountered."]

THOMAS CHATTERTON, a youth, whose early and extraordinary talents, and tragical end, have rendered him an object of much interest and curiosity, was the posthumous son of a person in humble life at Bristol, in which city he was born, in November, 1752. He was slow in attaining the first rudiments of learning; and it was not till he had been delighted with the illuminated capitals of an old manuscript, that he took to learning his letters. This circumstance, and his being taught to read out of a black-letter bible, will doubtless be thought, by the partizans of the theory of association, to have had a great share in the peculiar turn to the imitation of antiquities, which he afterwards displayed.

All the scholastic education he received was at a charity-school, where no language was taught but the mother-tongue. Here he remained some time undistinguished, except that a pensive gravity of demeanour assimilated him rather to the man than the boy. About his tenth year, a taste for reading disclosed itself, which thenceforth became a kind of ruling passion. He hired and borrowed books as he had opportunity; and, between his eleventh and twelfth year, he drew up a catalogue of those he had read, amounting to seventy, which chiefly consisted of history and divinity. It is not

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* This great and good man, after reading the history of the *decline* and *fall* of the Athenian and Spartan republic; of the Roman republic, of the Swiss republic, and of the English republic, when the experiment was, after a long course of kingly government, *fairly tried* by Cromwell and *fully refuted* by a whole *people*, who joyfully received back the most dissolute of the Stuarts, had no great confidence in the magnificent promises of the prattlers about the *rights of man*. At the commencement of the French revolution, he saw the instability of a popular government, and he prophesied its downfal. In the nervous words of the most venerable of volumes, "He that saw it *bare witness*, and *his witness is true*." The French republic is no more, and it is not only dead, but damned, without even the chance of a requiem from the most jocund among the soldiers of Buonaparte. It was all in vain to talk to Mr. BURKE of the peculiar advantages, which the French republic, or any other republic possessed of trying the experiment upon a *great scale*. He was no more disposed to compliment the wisdom of a statesman, who on this idea should predict durability to the commonwealth, than to extol the delicacy and cleanliness of one, who being urged by the most humiliating of nature's necessities, should congratulate himself that he had chosen a *wide* and *open* plain as the theatre of his offensive exhibition.

absolutely certain how soon he began to write verses, but he had certainly composed some at twelve years of age; and he now began to show that ardour of mind, and versatility of parts, by which he was afterwards so strongly characterized. In his fifteenth year, he left school, and was articled to a scrivener at Bristol, in the lowest form of apprenticeship. Though, in this situation, he underwent much confinement, yet his leisure was great, and he employed a large portion of it in literary pursuits. It was in the year 1768, that he first began to attract notice from the fruits of his studies, but, on this subject, it is necessary to enter into some preliminary explanations.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV (the 15th century), there is a room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, entrusted to different persons; but, in process of time, the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, in consequence of a notion that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination, the locks were broken open. The deeds found in it were taken away, but a number of other manuscripts were left exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off; but the father of Chatterton, whose uncle was sexton to the church, was insatiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments, of which, however, he made no better use, than as covers to books. Young Chatterton is said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments, converted into his mother's thread-paper, and, on inquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever were the fact of his first knowledge of them, he appears early to have formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery. In the variety of his studies, antiquities had occupied a favourite place. He dabbled in heraldry, and made collections of old English words from glossaries.

Upon the opening of the new bridge at Bristol, in October, 1768, a paper appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal, entitled, "A Description of the Fryars first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an ancient Manuscript." This was traced to Chatterton; and, on being interrogated about its origin, after some variation of account, he at length asserted, that it came from the chest above mentioned, in Redcliffe church. He next propogated a rumour, that certain ancient pieces of poetry had been found in the same place, the authors of which were Thomas Canynge, and an intimate friend of his, one Thomas Rowley, a priest. Mr. Catcott, an inhabitant of Bristol, of an inquiring turn, hearing of this report, was directed to Chatterton, from whom he readily obtained, without reward, various poetical pieces, under the name of Rowley. These were communicated to Mr. Barret, surgeon, who was then writing a history of Bristol. They met with credit, and acquired for Chatterton the patronage and friendship of Barett and Catcott. These pieces were all written upon small pieces of vellum, and passed for the original MSS. Chatterton was occasionally gratified with money for his presents, and books were lent him for the prosecution of his studies, which began to be very multifarious. About this time, his intimate companions observed in him extraordinary fits of poetic enthusiasm, particularly when walking in the meadows near Redcliffe, and talking about, or reading the pretended productions of his Rowley. No doubt he was then labouring with that inspiration of the muse, which is scarcely a fiction in the breast of real genius.

In 1769, he made a still bolder effort to raise himself to public notice. He wrote a letter to the honourable Horace Walpole, well known for his curious researches in literature and the arts, offering to furnish him with some accounts of a series of eminent painters, who had flourished at Bristol, at the same time mentioning the discovery of the old poems, and enclosing two small pieces as a specimen. To a very polite reply, requesting farther information, Chatterton returned an answer, stating his condition in life, and hinting a wish to be freed from an irksome and servile profession, and placed in a situation more favourable to the pursuit of elegant studies. Mr. Walpole communicated the papers to Gray and Mason, who, without hesitation, pronounced them forgeries. This occasioned a cold and monitory letter from him to Chatterton, which so offended the high-spirited youth, that he immediately demanded back the manuscripts, alleging that they were the property of another. Walpole, then about to depart for Paris, neglected to send them back; and, on his return, found a very resentful letter from Chatterton, peremptorily requiring the papers, and telling Walpole, "that he would not have dared to use him so, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." Walpole then enclosed them in a blank cover, and thus the correspondence ended.

His conduct on this occasion has subjected him to much obloquy, and he has been charged with suffering this flower of genius to be blighted by neglect, and even has been made remotely accessary to Chatterton's unhappy end. But to this he has very properly replied, that Chatterton could appear to him in no other light, than that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice, by passing a forgery upon him. Whatever were the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him. The neglect of returning them was, however, a fault, though one apparently of no great consequence.

Chatterton had, before this time, commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine; and various communications from him are printed in the numbers for that work in 1769, consisting of matters relative to antiquity, of extracts from the pretended Rowley, and of pieces entitled, "Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian."... He also became a very prolific writer in satire, particularly of the political kind. In March, 1770, he composed a satirical poem of 1300 lines, entitled, "Kew Gardens," the object of which was to abuse the princess-dowager of Wales and lord Bute, together with the principal partizans of ministry in Bristol; nor did he spare some of his own friends and patrons. His character, indeed, upon developing itself, did not appear in the most favourable light. His confidence in his powers rendered him proud and imperious; and some of his productions show great laxity of principle, though it is affirmed that his conduct was sufficiently regular. He had openly renounced his belief in the christian religion, one effect of which was to render the idea of suicide no longer an object of horror to him. A declared intention of this kind was the immediate cause of his leaving the service of Mr. Lambert, the person to whom he was apprenticed. Upon his desk was found a paper, entitled, "the last will and testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he avowed his intention to put an end to his life on the following day, which was Easter Sunday, 1770. On discovering it, Mr. Lambert immediately dismissed him from his house and service, in which he had lived two years and upwards of nine months. As he did not then put his threat into execution, it is probable that it was an artifice to obtain his dismission; especially as he had frequently before terrified Mr. Lambert's mother and the servants with similar intimations. He had acquired so little law in this situation, that he was unable to draw up a legal discharge from his apprenticeship.

London was now the great object of his views, as the only proper mart for his abilities; and an intimate friend of Chatterton has furnished us with his own account of his plans for the metropolis. "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way: the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt: but should I, contrary to expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." This is certainly not the language of a simple ingenuous youth, "smit with the love of sacred song"....a Beattie's minstrel, as some of Chatterton's sentimental admirers have chosen to paint him. On his arrival in London, he applied to the booksellers, his former correspondents, and immediately engaged in a variety of literary labours, which required equal industry and versatility of parts. A history of England, a history of London, a magazine, essays in the daily papers, and songs for the public gardens, were among his actual or projected tasks. Above all, party politics were his darling pursuit. He connected himself as intimately as he could with the patriots of the day; and was extravagantly elated with an introduction to the celebrated city magistrate, Mr. Beckford. Soon finding, however, that money was scarce on the opposition side, he observed to a friend, that "he was a poor author, who could write on both sides;" and he was not long in adopting this prudential maxim. For a time, it appears that he indulged himself in the most sanguine hopes of attaining distinction and affluence by the exertions of his pen; and his letters to his friends were filled with visionary projects of this sort, excusable in a youth not eighteen. It is right to mention, as a proof of the tenderness of his social affections, that the prospect of being able to subsist his family, and raise them from their humble sphere, appears to have given him peculiar pleasure; nor did he omit to send them little presents out of his first gains. His taste for dissipation, however, kept pace with his hopes; and he asserts, that "to frequent places of public amusement is as necessary to him as food." Yet it would seem, that with respect to the grosser pleasures of sense, he still preserved a temperate restriction. What occasioned the very sudden change in his expectations, does not clearly appear. He probably found that he had nothing to hope from the patronage of the great, and that he must henceforth depend upon the booksellers for a scanty and hard-earned support. This severely mortified his pride, and seems to have disgusted him with his literary labours. He even wished to quit the scene of his disappointment, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the very undesirable post of surgeon's-mate to the coast of Africa. The remainder of his history is short and melancholy. Falling into a state of indigence, which is not easily accounted for, supposing him to have continued his exertions even in a moderate degree, he was reduced to the want of necessary food. Yet such was his pride, that he refused, as a sort of insult, an invitation to a dinner with his hostess, on the day preceding his death, assuring her he was not hungry. This was on August 24, 1770; and he soon after swallowed arsenic in water, the consequences of which proved fatal on the ensuing day. He was then in lodgings in Brooke-street, Holborn. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. Thus, a prey to all the horrors of despair, friendless, and forlorn, poor Chatterton terminated a life, which he had not enjoyed above eighteen complete years.

To enter into more minute particulars concerning the moral character of Chatterton seems unne-

cessary; but the character of his genius demands a further discussion. It seems agreed that its measure should be taken from the poems published under the name of Rowley; for that they are really the product of the age and person, to whom he attributed them, is a supposition now abandoned by all, who pretend to literary discernment. Their authenticity, it is true, was at first defended by great names, especially of the antiquarian class, who too often have proved the dupes to their fondness for the wonders of antiquity. But, exclusive of strong external marks of suspicion, internal evidence is abundantly sufficient to decide the question. That an unknown writer of the fifteenth century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked up in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to write pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity and puerility, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, may safely be pronounced a *moral impossibility*; that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen or sixteen is only *extraordinary*. "Rowley's Poems" were first collected in an octavo volume by Mr. Tyrwhit, and afterwards splendidly published in quarto by Dean Milles, president of the society of antiquaries. They consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition; tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition; yet there is also much of the commonplace flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth; and strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandized their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those, who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to a remote age, when they would have been really wonders. Yet they must ever be looked upon as very extraordinary productions of a boy, and will perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius. Of his avowed writings a miscellaneous volume was published in 1778, followed by a supplement in 1786. These, though upon the whole inferior to his Rowley, display the same versatility and quickness of parts, and are not without some passages of striking merit. It has been concluded by many of the warm admirers of Chatterton, that had he been born under happier auspices, and lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to the very first rank of English poetry. But this may be a mistaken opinion. The history of literature affords many instances of the promise of youth remaining unfulfilled in mature years; and it is not unlikely that his imagination would early have exhausted itself, without being succeeded by any other quality of the mind in an equal measure. His disposition appears likewise to have been too volatile to have allowed him steadily to have pursued perfection in any one walk. The uncommon talents and melancholy fate of Chatterton have caused many tributes to be paid to his memory, some of them in strains highly animated and pathetic. That in these poetical commemorations his merits should have been exaggerated, his faults extenuated, and his catastrophe represented rather as a stain upon his countrymen than himself, is perhaps excusable; but a deviation from truth in the sober narration of a biographer admits of no apology.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere, et arte.....HOR.

A silly story, without weight or art.

NOVEL-WRITING has, by some late authors, been aptly enough stiled the younger sister of Romance. A family likeness, indeed, is very evident; and in their leading features, though in the one in a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted scale, a strong resemblance is easily discoverable between them.

An eminent characteristic of each is fiction; a quality, which they possess, however, in very different degrees. The fiction of romance is restricted by no fetters of reason, or of truth; but gives a loose to lawless imagination, and transgresses, at will, the bounds of time and place, of nature and possibility. The fiction of the other, on the contrary, is shackled with a thousand restraints; is checked in her most rapid progress by the barriers of reason; and bounded in her most excursive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors: we shall not indeed find in novels, as in romances, the hero sighing respectfully at the feet of his mistress, during a ten years courtship in a wilderness; nor shall we be entertained with the history of such a tour, as that of saint George; who, mounting his horse one morning in Cappadocia, takes his way through Mesopotamia, then turns to his right into Illyria, and so by way of Grecia and Thracia, arrives in the afternoon in England. To such glorious violations as these of time and place, romance writers have an exclusive claim. Novelists usually find it more convenient to change the scene of courtship from a desert to a drawing-room; and far from thinking it necessary to lay a ten years siege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive to carry their point in an hour or two; as well for the sake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for establishing their favourite maxim of *love at first sight:* and their hero, who seldom extends his travels beyond the turnpike road, is commonly content to chuse the safer, though less expeditious, conveyance of a post-chaise, in preference to such a horse as that of saint George.

But these peculiarities of absurdity alone excepted, we shall find, that the novel is but a more modern modification of the same ingredients, which constitute the romance; and that a *recipe* for the one may be equally serviceable for the composition of the other.

A romance (generally speaking), consists of a number of strange events, with a hero in the middle of them; who, being an adventurous knight, wades through them to one grand design, namely, the emancipation of some captive princess, from the oppression of a merciless giant; for the accomplishment of which purpose, he must set at nought all the incantations of the caitiff magician; must scale the ramparts of his castle; and baffle the vigilance of the female dragon, to whose custody his heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at first sight seem from the purposes of a novel, we shall find, upon a little examination, that these are in fact the very circumstances, upon which the generality of them are built; modernized indeed, in some degree, by the trifling transformations of merciless giants into austere guardians, and of she-dragons into maiden aunts. We must be contented also that the heroine, though retaining her tenderness, be divested of her royalty; and in the hero, we must give up the knight-errant for the accomplished fine gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themselves remain nearly the same. In the guardian we trace all the qualities, which distinguish his ferocious predecessor; substituting only, in the room of magical incantations, a little plain cursing and swearing; and the maiden aunt retains all the prying vigilance, and suspicious malignity; in short every endowment but the claws, which characterize her romantic counterpart. The hero of a novel has not indeed any opportunity of displaying his courage in the scaling of a rampart, or his generosity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is necessary that a hero should signalize himself by both these qualifications, it is usual to manifest the one by climbing the garden wall, or leaping the park paling, in defiance of "*steel traps and spring guns;*" and the other, by flinging a crown to each of the post-boys, on alighting from his chaise and four.

In the article of *interviews*, the two species of composition are pretty much on an equality, provided only, that they are supplied with a "*quantum sufficit*" of moonlight, which is an indispensible requisite; it being the etiquette for the moon to appear particularly conscious on these occasions. For the adorer, when permitted to pay his vows at the shrine of his Divinity, custom has established in both cases a pretty universal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of novel and romance seem to be on a very equal footing; to enjoy similar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which romance has but slender claims to comparative excellence; I mean the choice of *names* and *titles*. However lofty and sonorous the names of Amadis and Orlando; however tender and delicate may be those of Zorayda and Roxana, are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the seducing softness of Lydia Lovemore, and Sir Harry Harlowe; of Frederic Freelove, and Clarissa Clearstarch? Or can the simple "Don Belianis of Greece," or the "Seven Champions of Christendom," trick out so enticing a title page, and awaken such pleasing expectations, as the "Innocent Adultery," the "Tears of Sensibility," or the "Amours of the Count de D*****, and L.....y .....?"

It occurs to me, while I am writing this, that as there has been, of late years, so considerable a consumption of *names* and *titles*, as to have exhausted all the efforts of invention, and ransacked all the alliterations of the alphabet, it may not be amiss to inform all novelists, male and female, who, under these circumstances, must necessarily wish, with Falstaff, to know "*where a commodity of good names may be bought*," that, at my Warehouse for Wit, I have laid in a great number of the above articles, of the most fashionable and approved patterns. Ladies may suit themselves with a vast variety, adapted to every composition of the kind; whether they may chuse them to consist of two adjectives only, as the "Generous Inconstant,".... the "Fair Fugitive,"....or the name of a place, as "Grogram Grove,"....."Gander Green,".....or whether they prefer the still newer method, of coupling persons and things with an "or," as "Louisa; or, the Purling Stream,"...."Estifania; or, the Abbey in the Dale,"...."Eliza; or, the Little House on the Hill." Added to these, I have a complete assortment of names, for every individual that can find a place in a novel; from the Belviles and Beverlevs of high life, to the Humphreyses and Gubbinses of low; suited to all ages, ranks, and professions; to persons of every stamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the scenes of *low life*, the novel again enjoys the most decisive superiority. Romance indeed sometimes makes use of the grosser sentiments, and less refined affections of the squire and confidante, as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the hero, and suits the sensibility of his mistress. But where shall we find such a thorough knowledge of nature, such an insight into the human heart, as is dis-

played by our novelists, when, as an agreeable relief from the insipid sameness of polite insincerity, they condescend to pourtray, in coarse colours, the workings of more genuine passions in the bosom of Dolly, the dairy-maid, or Hannah, the housemaid?

When, on such grounds, and on a plan usually very similar to the one I have here endeavoured to sketch, are founded by far the greater number of those novels, which crowd the teeming catalogue of a circulating library, is it to be wondered at, that they are sought out with such avidity, and run through with such delight, by all those (a considerable part of my fellow-citizens), who cannot resist the impulse of curiosity, or withstand the allurements of a title page? Can we be surprised, that they look forward, with expecting eagerness, to that inundation of delicious nonsense, with which the press annually overflows, replete as it is with stories without invention, anecdotes without novelty, observations without aptness, and reflections without morality?

Under this description come the generality of these performances. There are, no doubt, a multitude of exceptions. The paths, which a Fielding and a Richardson have trodden, must be sacred. Were I to prophane these by impertinent criticism, I might with justice be accused of avowed enmity to wit; of open apostacy from true feeling and true taste.

But let me hope to stand excused from the charge of presumption, if even here I venture some observations, which I am confident must have occurred to many; and to which almost everybody, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the novel of Tom Jones, however excellent a work in itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children? That it is a character drawn faithfully from nature, by the hand of a master, most accurately delineated, and most exquisitely finished, is indeed indisputable. But is it not also a character, in whose shades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and misconduct, are so intimately blended, and softened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiscriminating eye of childhood to distinguish between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections so nearly allied to excellence, and does not the excess of its good qualities bear so strong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends and vice begins? The arguments urged in opposition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of nature. Undoubtedly it is....but is nature to be held up to the view of childhood in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude, however unbecoming? The hero's connection with miss Seagrim, for instance, and the supposed consequences of it are very natural, no doubt: are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a child must admire the character, is certain; that he should wish to imitate what he admires, follows of course; and that it is much more easy to imitate faults than excellencies, is an observation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind, prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open assault of an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to see, and consequently fortitude to resist; the other is the treacherous attack of an insidious invader; who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart. Such is the character of Jones. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to Sophia, however ungrateful, nor his connection with lady Bellaston, though perhaps the most degrading situation, in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds, therefore, though there cannot be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster," sir Charles Grandison, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is, that Grandison is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this, it tends to prove, that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently the surest way to become a Jones, is to aim at being a Grandison; for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural biass of his passions will make him abate something of his valuation. Hence therefore the character of Grandison is assuredly the properer pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that, must necessarily be productive of some attainment in virtue. The character of Jones can neither operate as an incitement to virtue nor a discouragement from vice. He is too faulty for the one, and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities must, on an undiscerning mind, have a bad effect; since, by fascinating its affections, they render it blind to its foibles; and the character becomes the more dangerous, in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digression, to the consideration of novels in general. Some of my fellow-citizens may perhaps conjecture, that I have affected to undervalue them from interested motives; and that I would wean them from their study of them, for the purpose only of increasing the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any suspicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promise, in the course of a few numbers, to point out to the observation, and recommend to the perusal of professed novel readers, a set of books, which they now treat with undeserved contempt; but from which I will prove, that they may derive, at least, as much entertainment, and certainly much more useful instruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning sentiment, and insipid conversation; of incidents the most highly unnatural, and events the most uninteresting.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

The following, I have been assured by a friend, is an exact copy of a hand-bill, which circulated in this city, about fifteen years ago, I think you will agree with me that it is a curiosity worth preserving.

I am, &c.

A. B.

I Jean le Merian bein trou necessite oblige to teach la langue francais to de peuple, I be glad you send your childs a moi. Je demeure toder ind Second street.

All my liesure hour I make sausage a vende.... O! I forgit to tell how mush I ave for teach de school....4 dollars quarter and 4d. entrance for teach de plus polite langue d'Europe.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FDMALE FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FULL DRESS.

I. The train and body of white satin, with a short robe of fine muslin over it. Full sleeves also of muslin. The whole trimmed with satin, and steel or silver beads, turban of crape and satin trimmed the same as the dress, the hair very long, hanging in light curls over the face.

II. The body and train of yellow satin or silk, trimmed with swansdown, the sleeves and petticoat of white crape, and the former ornamented with gold trimming. A turban of white muslin with a yellow feather in front, and a fancy flower on the left side. Yellow shoes.

III. A robe of silk with full sleeves of white crape, the body made very low before, with ful fronts of white crape drawn over the bosom. A turban of crape and satin, the hair dressed very long in curls hanging over the face.

MORNING DRESS.

I. A plain muslin dress, drawn round the body. A large handkerchief-shaped veil, thrown careless. ly over the head.

II. A bonnet of yellow or buff velvet, ornamented with three ostrich feathers. A large shawl.

III. A bonnet of blue velvet with a short lace veil, a cloak of figured velvet or satin, trimmed all round with a very deep lace.

IV. A pelise of velvet, with a large velvet bonnet, ornamented with a feather and flower.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are straw, yellow, and rose. Ostrich feathers and fancy flowers are the prevailing ornaments for the head. Silver and steel beads are very much used for the head, and for trimming dresses. White satin Spanish hats are much worn for dress.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MR. JOHN MORGAN, bookseller, of this city, has just published MACKENZIE'S Voyages from Montreal, across the continent of North-America. to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans. It is with very great pleasure we are enabled to announce so early a correct American edition of this invaluable work, This edition is illustrated by maps, recommended by the well known name of Arrowsmith, and with a spirited portrait of the author, in whose expressive features may be discerned all the enterprize, intrepidity, and genius of the Scottish character. His indefatigable labour, and his useful researches, have been already rewarded, by a title from his munificent prince, and by the liberal applause of a discerning nation, quick to observe, and eager to remunerate, talents and virtue. Of this interesting traveller, the brother to Henry Mackenzie, the ADDISON of Edinburgh, we shall say more in our next paper, in which we shall take occasion to introduce some passages of his journal, which will amuse and edify our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IT is confidently asserted, that Mr. WINDHAM, the late secretary of war, is a favourite of his sovereign, and it is anticipated, that he will soon take a very leading part in the direction of the state.

The following anecdotes we read in the Boston Commercial Gazette, a paper variegated, occasionally, with literary ornament.

Two brush-makers, who were *thieving*, and contriving to undersell each other, one day met, and thus accosted one the other, who had still the upper hand:

I *steals* the stuff to save my pelf,
And then, I *makes* them up myself,
So cannot think, though oft I try,
How you can cheaper sell than I.
I'll tell you, friend, the other said,
I *steals my* brushes ready made.

Dr. Johnson, though a profest enemy to actors yet could not refrain addressing Mrs. Siddons (when she called upon him at Bolt-court) with great politeness, and said to her, when his servant Frank could not readily get a chair, " You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no SEATS to be had."

—

A servant came to his master to be discharged ...." Why?" " Because, sir, your *temper* is so violent." " But," said the wit, " *it is soon off.*".... " But then it is *soon on again.*"

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ANTIQUITY OF SPENCERS.

It is not generally known, that this fashionable dress owes its origin to an ignominious punishment of great antiquity. Plutarch, in his life of Cicero, mentions, that " he never caused any man to be beaten with rods, *or to have his garments rent.*".... But we have a higher authority. " Wherefore Hanan took David's servants, and shaved one half of their beards, *and cut off their garments to their middle*, and sent them away."....2d Samuel, x. 4. Of late years, a branch of the *Spencer* family, in England, introduced this short garment, as a kind of *hoax* upon the bloods of Bond-street, who, as might well be supposed, were entirely ignorant of its disgraceful origin. The whim succeeded, and " *spensers*" became a necessary appendage to the wardrobe of every beau. With an eye to their origin, perhaps they might with greater propriety be called *Davids.*

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In page 323 of Dodsley's *tenth* edition of Burke's Reflections on the Revolution, we find the following memorable passage. The prescience of this sagacious statesman has been frequently extolled, but he never had a longer or clearer view of what has come to pass than when he thus predicted the fortunes of that military adventurer, who has completely abrogated every trace of republicanism in France.

" In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of your army will remain for some time mutinous, and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the *art of conciliating the soldiery*, and who possesses the *true spirit of command*, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment, in which that event shall happen, the person, who really commands your army is your master, the master of your king, the master of your assembly, the *master of your whole republic.*"

—

Many grumble at the paucity of our political topics, but as all possible changes have been already rung on the mammoth chief, and the mammoth cheese, the greatest subjects America affords, nothing is now left to the editor of a periodical publication, but to extol public opinion as paramount to good government, and to copy paragraphs from Mr. Duane, who gives the *ton* to public opinion.

—

Many Loungers delight when they read SHAKSPEARE to make applications of favourite passages to modern events or characters. An idler, whom I know to be the " *veriest varlet, that ever chewed,*" has had the audacity to send me the following, and to aver they have their archetypes in America.

A Juvenile Chairman of a Committee of Ways and Means.

....." If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me."....

KING RICHARD II.

MILITIA SOLDIERS.

These hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

JULIUS CAESAR.

A POLITICAL BRAG PLAYER.

How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night brawler? Give me answer to it.

OTHELLO.

—

The subsequent remark bears hard upon the disciples of the *new* school of politicians.

Those, whose principle it is to despise the ancient permanent sense of mankind, and to set up a scheme of society on new principles, must naturally expect that such of us, who think better of the judgment of the human race than of theirs, should consider both them and their devices, as men and schemes upon their trial. They must take it for granted, that we attend much to their reason, but not at all to their authority. They have not one of the great influencing prejudices of mankind in their favour. They avow their hostility to opinion. Of course they must expect no support from that influence, which, with other authority, they have deposed from the seat of its jurisdiction.

—

In the recent debate of the 5th March, in the imperial parliament of Great Britain, the erect and invincible spirit of Mr. WINDHAM was again fully displayed against that morbid desire for peace, which has of late glowed so intensely in the British bosom. Afrer conceding that the arguments of lord Hawkesbury had been forcibly urged, Mr. Windham feared they were fallacious, and calculated to lull the nation into a fatal security. If the identical people had prophesied destruction to our commerce from the war, who now expressed their apprehensions of the effects of peace, then indeed they would have laid themselves open to an *argumentum ad hominem*, and their predictions would now be received with distrust. But it was a strange mode of reasoning to say, that because one had been deceived, another should, whose views were quite contrary. If our commerce had flourished in war, instead of being a proof that it would now continue to flourish, appeared to him a strong presumption that peace would destroy it. All the cause had ceased, to which its prosperity was to be ascribed, and though it might not necessarily decline, this was certainly no very strong ground of confidence. As a general principle, he allowed that commerce would find its level; but in times like these, the practise of reasoning from generals to universals was certain ruin. Nothing in history resembled the present æra; the state of the world was completely novel, and what from the beginning of time might have held true, would often now be found fallacious. One great power seemed about to rule the globe. Instead of being called upon to show why France will quickly subdue the whole of Europe, he would be justified in calling upon others to state their reasons for thinking that she will not. Of her intentions there could be no doubt. She had declared so herself an hundred times, and when her acts agreed so well with her professions, to disbelieve her was comical extravagance. She boldly and undisguisedly says she will crush you to atoms, and you reply, while her preparations are going on under your nose, " She must be joking....she's not in earnest....we know that she means us well." Such language Mr. W. declared only fit to be put into the mouth of a character in a farce. Since the time of the Romans, he maintained that no such power had existed in Europe. He did not by any means except Charlemagne, whom the person, at present at the head of the French government, seemed fondly to regard as his model. That great conqueror did not extend his dominion over more than one quarter of the globe. He allowed that, *if we were true to ourselves*, we might yet be saved. But he thought we would be most false to ourselves if we trusted merely to our wealth, our punctuality, and good faith, in commercial dealings. We should nourish a proud spirit of independence; we should shew the superiority in which we hold honour and glory to riches and ease; we should distinguish ourselves by a noble military ardour. Before capital and commerce were known, our ancestors thus held the first rank among the nations of Europe, and, notwithstanding the favourite doctrine of the times, it is only by arms we can regain our situation. But basely hugging our money bags, we think we may dismiss the military virtues of our forefathers, like scaffolding, although it was by these that this adored wealth was acquired, and without these we must speedily be robbed of it. He would be the last to preach despondency, but he considered it his duty, if possible, to rouze his countrymen from the ill-timed indifference, into which they had fallen, and to call upon them to resist usurpation, insolence, and perfidy. He conjured those, who talked so much of the capital of wealth, to think for a little of the capital of dominion. The latter would be found to have always prevailed. The right honourable gentleman concluded by again entering his protest against reasoning from antecedent cases, at a time when little was to be learned from experience, and things daily occurred, which it had not entered into the imagination of the most daring speculator to conceive.

—

The following description of a courtezan, is extracted from a very old and quaint book:

He, that keeps her company, is in the highway to the devil. To look upon her with desire begins the voyage; to talk with her mends his pace; and to possess her is to be at the journey's end. Her body is only the lees of delight; for, when you taste her, she's dead, and palls upon the palate. Her trade is opposite to that of any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custom breaks her. She is ever moored in sin, and yet is always sailing about. At fifteen, she is the companion of brave sparks, and at thirty, she is the surgeon's creature.

—

It is reported of ADDISON, that, after spending the evening with Steele, Budgell, and the other contemporary wits, he would drink so much claret, as to become intoxicated and unable to speak. On one of these jovial occasions, the *mellow* moralist reclined his head on the table, and fell into a profound sleep: on which a bystander remarked, that, at present, Mr. Addison was neither a *Tatler* nor a *Spectator*, though he might speedily want a *Guardian.*

—

In Lilly's Grammar, every school-boy may remember to have read

" Sine Bacchо et Cerere frigescit Venus."

A jovial poet of the present day has thus expanded this sentiment:

If *Bacchus* and *Ceres* were urg'd from Love's court,
Desire must frozen depart;
Roast beef *quantum suff.* and take *tantum* red port,
They steel the mainspring of the heart.

—

The Anacreontic bards employ a very ingenious sophistry to reccommend the joys of the grape. Even the rigid may admire the brilliancy of their thought, though of their propriety, doubts may be entertained. The following is sparkling, if not solid:

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! thou precious flow'r,
Whose leaves the choicest fragrance pour,
Whose fruit is all divine;
Where is thy residence below?
In what blest region dost thou grow?
And what thy lovely sign?

Dost thou within the splendid dome
Of Wealth forever keep thy home,
And bloom and flourish there?
If so, methinks, thou lov'st to be
With painful Fear, Anxiety,
And all-corroding Care.

Or, dost thou rather take delight
To climb aloft Ambition's height,
To Honour, Pomp, and Fame?
Whence far may shoot thy brilliant rays,
Commanding universal praise,
Proud Title's sounding name.

Or shall I make a true resort,
And meet thee in sweet Pleasure's court,
(Laid in the lap of Ease)
Where half the human race are found
Dancing in every giddy round
That can the senses please?

Perhaps I more success may find,
Where graceful Beauty sits entwin'd
With radiance from above;
Where, too, proud Insolence takes stand,
With others of the haughty band,
And servile dying love?

No, HAPPINESS! it cannot be....
So little they accord with thee,
Thou could'st not dwell with them:
Thy source of life too diff'rent is
From honour, wealth, or sensual bliss,
Or love, the Satyr's flame.

But thy calm peaceful residence,
Is in the *virtuous moral sense*,
And *rectitude of mind:*
Thou may'st be found in any state,
The humbly low, the idly great,
Or nowhere by mankind.

Yet there's no certain state on earth,
Can boast thy residence and birth,
Like that, where kindred souls
In wedlock's pleasing bands unite;
And live content, in love, delight,
And peace, while nature rolls.

PHILOMUSUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This punning epigram in the Port Folio, on the marriage of the celebrated Hannah More

Alas! ye Muses, I your loss deplore,
Since now your favourite Hannah is no More,

occasioned the following

IMPROMPTU.

WHEN statesmen, heroes, patriots are no *more*,
They sleep in dust, and all their deeds are o'er.
Though Hannah is no *More*, she still survives,
And from the matrimonal trance revives,
Still charms the aged and informs the youth,
The friend of wit, of virtue, and of truth.
Long may wise MORE with steady footsteps tread
The flow'ry paths of Love, by Wisdom led,
And for their favourite may the auspicious nine
Hymen's soft bands with their own wreaths entwine,
On seraph's wings let her rapt spirit soar,
And her fame spread till Time himself's *no more*.

SENEX.

SELECTED POETRY.

TRANSLATION

OF A GREEK ODE ON ASTRONOMY.

Written for the prize at Cambridge, 1793.

HAIL, venerable Night!
O thou, the first created, hail!
Thou, who art doom'd in thy dark breast to hide
The dying beam of light,
The eldest and the latest thou;
Hail venerable Night! O Goddess, hail!
Around thine ebon brow,
Glittering plays with lightning rays
A wreath of flow'rs of fire;
The varying clouds with many a hue attire
Thy many tinted veil.
Holy are the blue graces of thy zone!
But who is he, whose tongue could tell
The dewy lustres that thine eyes adorn?
Lovely to some the blushes of the morn!
To some the glitter of the day,
When blazing in meridian ray
The gorgeous Sun ascends his highest throne;
But I with solemn and severe delight
Still watch thy constant car, immortal Night!

For then to the celestial palaces
Urania leads, Urania, she
The goddess, who alone
Stands by the blazing throne
Effulgent with the light of deity.
Whom Wisdom, the creatress, by her side
Plac'd on the heights of yonder sky,
And, smiling with ambrosial love, unlock'd
The depths of Nature to her piercing eye.
Angelic myriads struck their harps around,
And with triumphant song
The host of stars, a beauteous throng,
Around the Ever-living Mind,
In jubilee their mystic dance begun,
When at thy leaping forth, O Sun,
The morning started in affright,
Astonish'd at thy birth, her Child of Light!

Hail, O Urania, hail!
Queen of the Muses! mistress of the song!
For thou did'st deign to leave the heav'nly throng.
As earthward thou thy steps wert bending,
A ray went forth and harbinger'd thy way.
All ether laugh'd with thy descending,
Thou had'st wreath'd thy hair with roses,
The flower that in the immortal bower
Its deathless bloom discloses.
Before thine awful mien compell'd to shrink,
Fled Ignorance abash'd, and all her brood,
Dragons and hags, of baleful breath,
Fierce dreams that wont to drink
The sepulchre's black blood,
Or on the wings of storms,
Riding in fury forms,
Shriek'd to the mariner the shriek of Death.

I boast, O goddess, to thy name
That I have rais'd the pile of fame!
Therefore to me be giv'n
To roam the starry path of heav'n,
To charioteer with wings on high,
And to rein in the tempests of the sky.

Chariots of happy gods! fountains of light!
Ye angel temples bright;
May I, unblam'd, your flamy threshold tread?
I leave Earth's lovely scene,
I leave the Moon serene,
The lovely Queen of Night,
I leave the wide domains,
Beyond where Mars his fiercer light can fling,
And Jupiter's vast plains
(The many-belted king),
Even to the solitude where Saturn reigns,
Like some stern tyrant to just exile driv'n:
Dim seen the sullen pow'r appears,
In that cold solitude of Heav'n,
And slow he drags along
The mighty circle of long ling'ring years.

Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
Art trembling, youngest daughter of the Night!
And ye....ye fiery-tressed strangers! ye
Comets who wander wide,
Will I along your pathless way pursue,
Whence bending, I may view
The worlds, whom elder Suns have vivified.

For Hope with loveliest visions soothes my mind,
That even in man, life's winged pow'r,
When comes anew the natal hour,
Shall, on heaven-wandering feet,
Spring to the blessed seat,
In undecaying youth;
Where round the fields of truth,
The fiery essences forever feed,
And o'er th' ambrosial mead,
The gales of calm serenity,
Silent and soothing glide forever by.

There, hireless priest of Nature, dost thou shine,
Newton! a king among the kings divine,
Whether with harmony's mild force,
He guides along its course
The axle of some beauteous star on high,
Or gazing in the spring,
Ebullient with creative energy,
Feels his pure breast with rapt'rous joy possest,
Inebriate in the holy ecstacy!

I may not call thee mortal then, my soul!
Immortal longings lift thee to the skies,
Love of thy native home inflames thee now
With pious madness wise.
Know then thyself, expand thy plumes divine,
Soon mingled with thy fathers thou shalt shine,
A star amid the starry throng,
A God the Gods among!

EPIGRAM.

Archbishop KING, at a very advanced age, declared to Dr. HALLEY his intention to wed a young wife. The doctor made a facetious reply, and expressed a natural wish; all which is comprized in merry metre, by some wicked wag.

WITH age exhausted, and his vigour fled,
Says King to Halley, "I've a mind to wed:"
Arch Halley answer'd, with sarcastic face,
"I hope you'll make me *chaplain* to your grace."

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